

Lif

AUGUST 17, 1922



What the Sphinx had to put up with

MICHELIN

Michelin Red Inner
Tubes, being made
ring-shaped like the
inside of the casing
itself, fit perfect-
ly without stretch-
ing or wrinkling.



All tubes other than
Michelins are simply
straight pieces of tub-
ing and must be either
stretched or wrinkled
when forced by infla-
tion into the circular
shape of the casing.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy
Dealers in all parts of the world.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Ize Have It

IN an age in which we specialize—or are lost—the following should be noted:

When business is sick and in need of a remedy, we normalize.

If there are wounded veterans to be cared for, we hospitalize.

When a worthy cause needs to have new life put into it, we revitalize.

If we have goods to sell, we merchandise.

Furthermore—

Government bureaucracies are never broken up. They are decentralized. Large institutions no longer divide their labors. They are departmentalized. New York is not misgoverned, only Hylanized. And as for our own precious selves, we have given up indulging in periodic moments of soul-searching reflection. We go and get ourselves psychoanalyzed.

Not even the spirits of the departed can escape. No longer do they appear. They materialize.

Truly, the ize seem to have it, here and hereafter.



2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone

practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of all telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.

* BELL SYSTEM *



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Essentially the Same

"WHEN I began to sell goods in this territory you paid a dollar a day for a room and couldn't get the window up; now a bell boy raises the window and you pay six dollars.

"Across the street there is the Hotel New Trianon. Pretty good for a town of ten thousand. It used to be the Smith House. Outside they had a row of hickory chairs where the drummers could sit and smoke in the evening. Now the house detective looks hurt if you sit down in the lobby.

"I remember when they put the first elevator in the Smith House. People were afraid to ride down. Now the elevator men won't let them ride down.

"But fundamentally the New Trianon isn't different from the Smith House. The secret process of making a hotel bed that was invented fifty years ago is still in use."

M. H.



Championship service! The sun never sets on the domain of the Mimeograph. Our dealers, who sell its supplies, are everywhere—and everywhere it is a quick means of conserving both time and money. Five thousand exact copies an hour—forty thousand a day—of any letter, bulletin, map or sales message; and the Mimeoscope makes the exact duplication of any diagram or design a matter of easy seconds. Typewriting and drawings printed on the same sheet in one operation. It is play for these devices to do wonderful work for you at bolting speed, as unnumbered thousands of business and educational institutions now know. Your advantage! It is probable that you cannot afford to be without this speedy, private, money-saving service in your business or school. Write now for booklet "W-8", A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.



Life

My Grandmamma's Sedan

"THE ladies of St. James' "
Went "swinging to the play"
In puffed and panniered panoply
Dim yestereves away,
And with those gracious dames—
As gentle and as fair—
My proudly-boasted ancestress
Was carried in her chair.

In leisured state she rode,
At what a prudent pace,
Lest jolt or jar should rudely mar
Her furbelows and lace.
Her farthingale was stowed—
Ah, what a business there,
Its billows lapped her fragile feet—
Within the swaying chair.

And through the darksome thorough-
fares, the little link-boys ran,
With nimble gait, before my great-
great-grandmamma's Sedan.

But that was yesteryear;—
To-day I gaily greet
A shining chariot that rolls
Along a brilliant street.
Its windows, gleaming clear,
A figure trim reveal,
Whose kidded fingers' light caress
Control a vibrant wheel.

All warily she heeds
The Law's majestic glance,
As down the Avenue she glides
In velvety advance.
But when the tide recedes,
And city confines pass,
With what a firm and dainty foot
She steps upon the gas.

In crowded mart or leafy lane make
way, admiring man—
With skill and grace, comes on apace,
my grandmamma's Sedan!

J. B. H.



*Inexperienced Young Bride: I want some lard.
Clerk: Pail?
"I didn't know it came in two shades!"*

Escaping from Ferocious Animals

THOSE who are finding fault with the story about that aviator who climbed a tree in the Everglades to escape a panther evidently lack experience. That is one of the best ways of escaping from such a beast.

Here are other suggestions for escaping enemies when attacked:

If a rattlesnake gets after you, duck into the first convenient prairie dog hole.

If a bear is chasing you, run into a cave.

When pursued by a flock of mad alligators, jump in the bayou and swim to the other shore.

When a lion makes up his mind to talk over his menu with you, keep ahead of him until you come to the first jungle. Turn in at the jungle and you won't have to worry any more about that lion chasing you.

To escape a nightmare, shin up a bed post.

V. L. S.

"What is all that row about over at your place, Tommy?" asked a neighbor.

"Why, ma's settin' hens," explained Tommy, with a glance toward the barn from which came the sound of angry voices, "an' pa's farm demonstrator an' he's tryin' to show her how to do it scientific'ly."

The Carrousel

CLANG! the quivering signal bell
Speeds the circling carrousel.
Happy childhood's on a lark,
Whirling round the smiling park.
Wheezy old orchestration
Calls for feats equestrian,
Lunge and lurch and greedy clutch;
Rings are snatched with every touch.
Round and round they sweep the course,
Spurring on each wooden horse.
Madly waging mimic strife,
Keenly real as grown-up life.
Clang! a curly-headed king
Plucks the magic gilded ring.

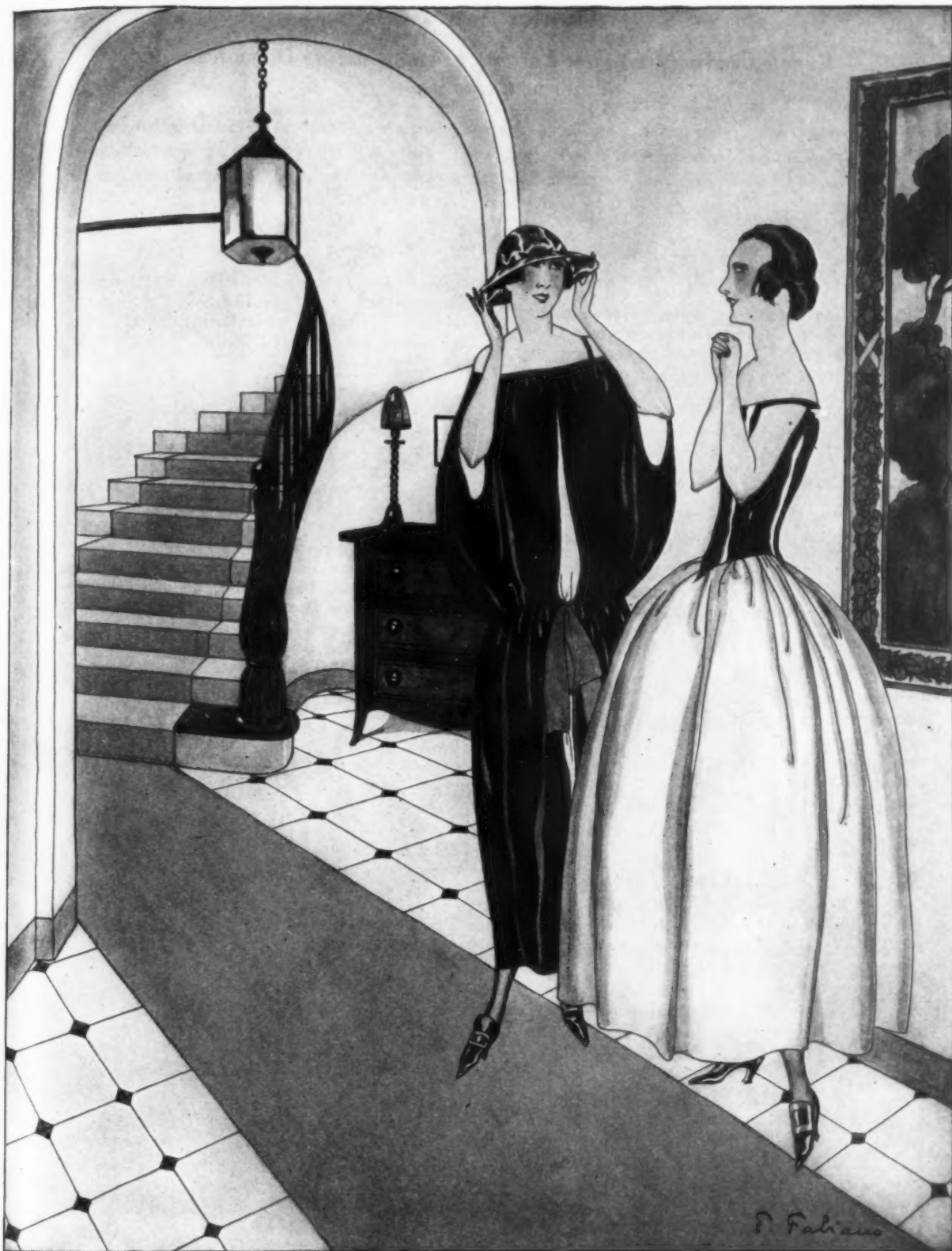
Dear, unknowing, lucky child!
May your laugh soar ever-wild.
May they use you half so well
On life's mirthless carrousel.
May you never lose your grip
Fouled by jostling horsemanship.
May it never come to pass
That the final gold prove brass.

Mel.



Aunt Janet: Gladys, you have several runs and two holes in your stockings.

Gladys: Yes, I know, they are on their last legs.



Drawn for Life by F. Fabiano

"You don't look a day older than you did ten years ago."

"My dear, I'm not."

Anoder Var Book

Events Leading Up to der Var and Events Leading Down from der Var Explained

Among the publications announced for the summer trade is another war volume by that eminent scrivener, William Hohenzollern. Early proofsheets from Mr. Hohenzollern's private woodshed enable us to lead all competitors in presenting this volume to the world. The American translation is by Weber and Fields. And the title is

My Four Years Out of Germany

Chapter I.

VELL, friends, here I am again. Nice veather ve're having, vot? Always cheerful, dot's me. Vere do I get dot stuff, hey? Vell, to start at der beginnings, I didn't expect to write no book on der var. Let gone-bys be gone-bys iss my vay of tinkin'. I promise myself I say noddings und saw vood. Und den I begins to read der var books. Ludendorff, he gets vun out. Rotten! Hindenburg, den he writes vun, too. Hindy iss a terrible author. Den Von Tirpitz, he gets out der naval pamphlet. Vell, I've read better vuns dan dot. Maxie Harden, he keeps on writing books. I never liked dot guy's stuff, anyway. Und finally my little poy, der crown prince, he gets der pen und ink fever, too. Der kid iss clever, vot? I'll sprechen so! But if der crown princie gets out der book, vy can't his papa, also? Vot iss sauce for der goose-stepper iss sauce for der vood-sawer. Nicht wahr?

Ja, bo! So I tink I join der six best sellers und tell about der var. So if you like "My Four Years Out of Germany," please tell your friends. Und if you don't like it—Oh, but you VILL like it! I like it myself!

Chapter II.

Along in 1914 I makes myself der mind bet I can have der Chrissmas dinner in Paritz. Now vot could be simpler dan dot? Everydings vas going fine ven Papa Joffre he spills der beans. Dot's vot you call rotten service. Papa stops us at der Marne mit der fleet of taxicrabs. Can you beat dot—mit taxicrabs! Vot iss der use of preparings for der var mit busy Berthas und howitzers und der hant grenades ven a bunch of chitney drivers can come along und hold up der whole parade? Understanden-sie, Papa Joffre, he didn't hold me up. Oh, no—I'm too smart for him! He holds up Von



"Do you and your wife agree in regard to politics?"

"No, we don't, but keep it to yourself, old top. I wouldn't have her know for anything."



Norma: What made Evangeline catch cold?
Florence: Exposure. She went out with no powder on.

Kluck's Ku-Ku Klan. He holds up der party of der left centre flank. But me, I'm seffen or eight miles behind der front. I don't get held up at all.

Vell, der upshot of it all vas dot I lost my meal in Paritz, I lost der mind bet, und some folks say I lost my mind. Ven you tink it of, dot guy Sherman was right—var iss a hellofa ting. Especially ven der goose-steppers turn around und step like der greyhounds instead.

Chapter III.

Vun of der fifty-seven best rules in der var books iss dot vun about, "If, at der first place, you don't succeed, hit 'um again, McCluskey." Dot's vere I got anodder good idea. Vun efening ven I vas surveying der landscapes from vun of der all-highest hills in back of der extra-final trenches, I says to my bodyguard, mit a feelings of disgust, I says to him, "Hey, dummkopf, vot iss dose pickets I see on der horizon, sticking up like der teeth in der fine-tooth comb?"

"Oh, All-Highest," he explanations to me, "dose iss der peautiful church spires of France."

"Raus mit 'um," says I, mitout der slightest vink of der eyebrow. Dot's der vay I get results. Qvick tinkin, snappy action. Und no sooner had I solved der qvestion dan der ting vas didded. Der towers vas raussed in no time at all.

Chust to stimulate der poys und make der target-shootin' sporty, I offered five iron crosses for each good hit und tree iron crosses for der vuns dot chust grazed 'um.

Der guys dot missed der church spires but got der inno-cent stand-byers, I gafe dem vun cross to make it no hard feelings. Der campaign vas a enormous success. Tree days after my qvick decision, churches vot hadn't been hit in 400 years had been picked off by der All-Highest's shoot-sharpers.

Chapter IV.

Vell, friends, I'm der good looser, but don't let any of der guys dot's writing post-var after-thoughts tell you I wouldn't try anydings vunce. I got Hansie Lissauer, der popular poet, to write up der limericks about Gott strafe England. Great stuff! But Hans's poetry, I dunno—der vords read fine und der music vas pretty, but somehow or odder, our poys in field gray didn't seem to catch on to der sving of der ting. Not vunce, in my eight months' experience ten miles behind der lines, did I hear der landsturmurs humming der tune as dey marched on der vay to der front.

Although personally I am der—you know vat I mean—der connersewer—hey?—der connersewer of art, dot iss vun ting I can't explain, der flop of dot hate hymn. Lots of odder tings ve tried vunce, und sometimes ve tried 'um twice or tree times. Der poison gas vas a clever idea until der pigs in der opposition trenches put nosebags on der face und spoiled my highest price gas. I efen got Gott to send down der flu, und dey beat dot mit cheese-rags around der nose, too.

N. O'H.

Life



Lines

SLOGAN for Beach Flappers:
More waist less speed.

A Pole, still living at the age of 132, says an English paper, claims to be the only survivor of Napoleon's armies. Rumor has it he is sticking around, waiting for his bonus.

Marconi tried to talk to Mars, but all he could get was "Your party does not answer."

According to present indications, if winter comes, coal will be far behind.

Our major troubles are our miner troubles.

From the golfer's viewpoint, there's no time like the President's.

A Welcome Stranger Committee has been appointed in New York City. Evidently there are enough native New Yorkers left to form a committee.

It's a wise son that knows his own father's bootlegger.

A new electrical apparatus permits the detection of bad milk over the telephone. Now for a further development that will do the same for oil stock.

Prohibitionists expect to score a knockout in Germany on the third count—*ein, zwei, dry*.

Pennsylvania State troops were successfully employed to stop an elopement. Our platform: a standing army of 5,000,000.

Mayor Hylan's autobiography should be much sought after by collectors of Hearst editions.

The coal operators report that the

Mr. H. G. Wells can count on at least two classes of voters—those who hope he can do something for Parliament and those who hope Parliament can do something for him.

Judging from the wine-card which is reproduced in the press, all U. S. Shipping Board vessels have a heavy list to port.

And furthermore, the amount of liquor sold on each American vessel is probably entered in the ship's bootlog.

The retention of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the National Anthem is being objected to on the grounds that the words are calculated to foster hate towards another country, that the music isn't singable and that it's only a drinking-tune anyhow. Outside of this the song seems to be all right.

Suggestion for a new Norwegian National Anthem: "Oh, say can you ski—"

A bolt of lightning took off a woman's shoes and stockings the other day. Probably it won't be long before lightning will be trained to crank Fords,

keep out collectors, and perform all sorts of handy stunts around the house.

Police Commissioner Enright has got back from Europe, and the courteous New York highwaymen will now resume operations.

No, Cuthbert, a Coney Island Barker is not another name for a hot dog.



OLD BILL NICKEL

Parson Beasley allus has a dog at his heels. Some folks says it's a sign he's dogmatic.

operation is successful, but the patient is dying.

New York shipmen complain that they are charged too much for the use of the docks and piers. They want to get back on a pre-wharf basis.

Henry Ford should be a strong candidate with the Junkers.

Putting in the Roman Punch

WHEN Washington warned against foreign entanglements it is unfortunate that he failed to include Roman numerals. Roman numerals represent one of the most vexatious entanglements we have, and their foreign origin is not to be disputed. They not only entangle; they acutely embarrass.

Take, for example, the case of the summer tourist. With the members of his family, he is diligently sight-seeing. Prepared to appreciate the offerings of art, he stops before a statue and faces the inscription. Does he learn anything? Yes; he learns that Mordecai Jones was born in MDCCXXXVII; or that the battle on this spot was fought in the year MDCCLXVIII. When the family argument is over, the battle or the birth is variously fixed between 1567 and 1893.

It is a queer custom. That which we wish most to impress upon the minds of our fellow citizens, dates to stir patriotism or stimulate reverence, we carve deepest in Roman numerals

for fear of general comprehension. The spirit of '76, "by the rude bridge that arched the flood," becomes the spirit of MDCCLXXVI (if you care to take our word for it); and apparently the Pilgrims landed like an algebra.

There is but one practical way to remedy this. Since, on bronze and marble, a change from Roman to Arabic numerals is not to be thought of, let there be a gradual education of the public until it can read Roman numerals at sight. This may be done by the introduction of Roman numerals in various everyday lettering. Commercial lettering. Price cards in department stores, for instance. Instead of 87 cents, reduced from \$1.24, let the card announce: LXXXVII CENTS, FORMERLY CXXIV.

This would do much to accelerate sight-reading, and as eye and brain became more expert, tombstones, cornerstones and pedestals of gentlemen in bronze frock-coats would lose their terrors.

And there is still another way, perhaps the best way of all. Let automobile license tags be stamped in Roman numerals. That would give the cause of learning a boost of large proportions. If the detection of the men who blackjacked and robbed you depended upon your ability to swear that the bandit car was MM-MDDCCCXLIX—PA. rather than MMMDCCXXXVII—N. Y., you would find a knowledge of Roman numerals of immense help. In a first experience, the number of the fleeing car might be reported to the police as MGHKYBCMLJVII—MASS., but practice would overcome that defect, if the crime waves held out.

At any rate, in time, by properly graded instruction, man's natural fear of public parks and battle monuments would be happily overcome. He might look the whole sculptured world in the face and fear not any date, though it was as Roman as Cicero.

A. H. F.



"SEBEN DOLLARS fo' ONE hat!!! Is yo' CRAZY?!!!"

Hymn of Hate

Dorothy Parker

I *HATE Summer Resorts;
They ruin my vacation.*

There is the Seaside Hotel.
The booklets say that it is right on the water,
And they aren't much over quarter-of-a-mile out of the way.
You are never at a loss for something to do;
You can go down by the waves
And watch the gentleman in sneakers
Trying out his Little Admiral water-wings,
Or you can sit on the porch
And listen to the lady in the next rocker
Explain that this is the first Summer she has ever been to a place
Where the rates were less than fifteen dollars a day.
There is always lots of excitement down on the beach,—
Group photographs are constantly being taken,
And posses are being formed to find the person or persons
Who took the garters out of bathhouse number 38
And if you play your cards right,
You may be able to find a dead horseshoe crab.
The more highly-strung guests take you aside and tell you
How much the water means to them,
And how they wish they could stay there beside it for ever and ever,—
Good here!

AND there is the place where you can get Back to Nature,
Or even farther.
The house was built
When electric lights were regarded as Edison's Folly,
And the surface of plumbing had only been scratched,
And the proprietor hasn't got around to making any changes.
You can tell the tennis court by the net;
Otherwise you would think it was an old-fashioned rock garden
Planted with all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's works,
And if you want to play golf,
You will find a course three counties to the left.
The guests are like one big family,—
Just like that.
You sit at the table with a lady from Montclair
Who gives talks on the trouble that Junior has had with his tonsils.
Everyone says how restful it all is,
And how it seems as if the city must be a thousand miles away,—
It's an under-estimate.

THERE is the Synthetic Newport;
Luke-warm Dog!

The life is pretty fairly speedy;
Many of the young married set inhale right out in public,
Silver frequently changes hands after the bridge games,
And you'd almost think the cocktails were made of the real stuff—
That goes for the whole works.
Extra-mural affection is generally indulged in;
If you sit down next to your own husband,
It's all over the country club that you are insanely jealous of him.
The revelers have their intellectual side, too;
There is scarcely one of them that hasn't read "The Sheik."
They are the first to concede that they are hitting things up.
They say that there won't be a thing left of them
If they keep up the pace all Summer,—
Stay with 'em, boys!

AND then there is the Mountain Resort;
The Home of American Scenery.
You can go yodling up Old Baldy—
Five hundred feet above sea level—
Or you can collect postcard views of Lovers' Leap,
To pass around among your friends on Winter evenings.
You can't conscientiously call it a Summer
Until you get a good, clear day
When you can figure out Washington's profile in the peaks,—
You can see a better one on a two-cent stamp
Even when it's raining.
The gossip on the porch keeps you right on the edge of your seat;
One transient tells how he is pretty sure he saw a trout jump,
And hardly has the uproar died down
Before someone else claims to have found some genuine maidenhair fern.
The guests are seldom without a kind word for the landscape,
And they have nothing but praise to offer the air,—
It's all theirs.

*I hate Summer Resorts;
They ruin my vacation.*



The Mosquito

Twin Bed-Time Stories

Benedict Has His Character Read

SCENE: Bedroom of the Newleighs. A bright light is burning over Bed No. 1. Mrs. Newleigh is reading. Benedict is in Bed No. 2 endeavoring to woo Morpheus in spite of the obvious handicaps.



BED No. 2 (Benedict tosses impatiently): For Pete's sake, Leila, turn out that light. I might as well try to go to sleep in the middle of Broadway as in this room.

BED No. 1 (in a very reserved, dignified tone): If you'd do a little more reading you might acquire a little culture. This is a VERY interesting book. It tells how to read character from the features.

BED No. 2: Oh that—I've read it. Bunk—all bunk! Throw it away and sleep, dear.

BED No. 1: If you'd think of something except sleep occasionally you'd be smarter. I'm going to read it for awhile longer. You'll be surprised to see how much I find out about you.

BED No. 2: If you haven't discovered by this time that I'm just a peaceable, faithful husband who would

like to slumber occasionally—that book won't help you any. Besides, it's just a lot of hot air.

BED No. 1: You think any book is, that doesn't tell you how to sell more bonds. This was written by a specialist and he KNOWS. Why, just listen to this: "If the mouth slants to either side with the lips tightly drawn, the subject is suspicious and secretive." That describes you exactly. You are the most secretive person I ever saw.

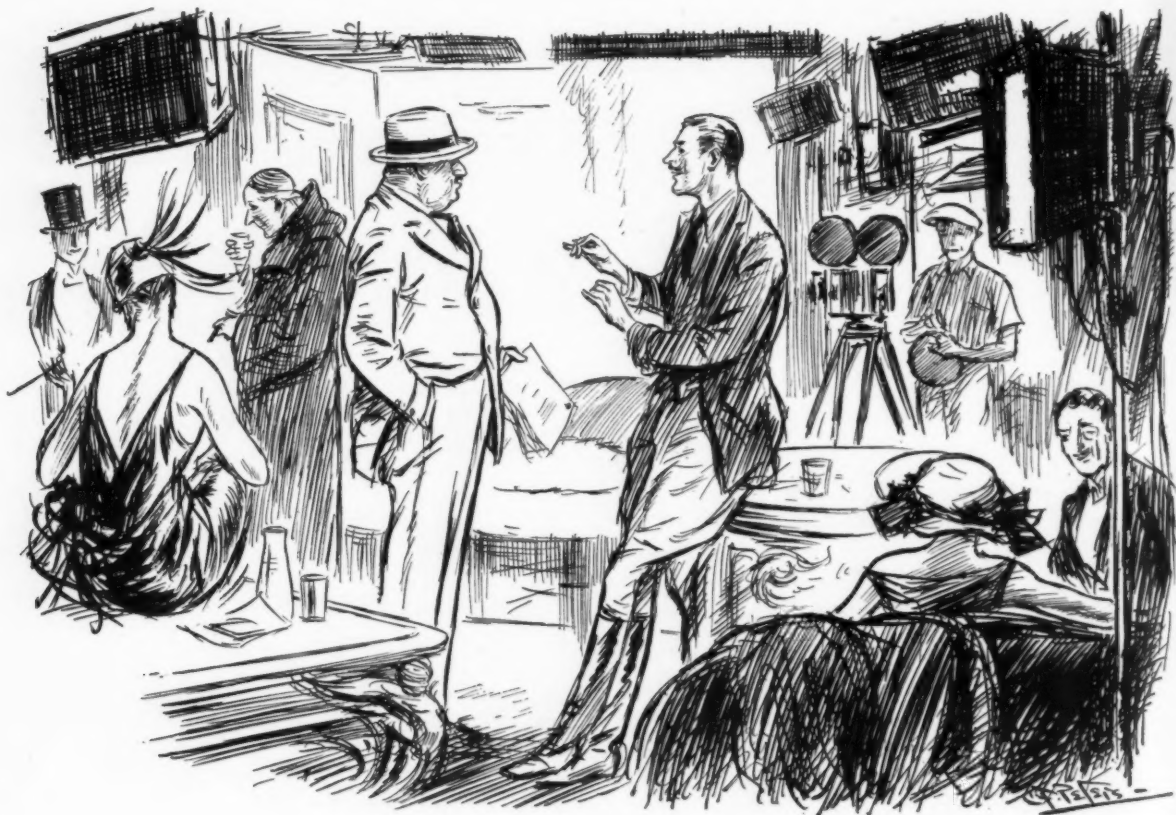
BED No. 2: Maybe I am. A married man's got to be more or less. But I won't make any secret of this—I want to go to sleep. Night, night, honey.

BED No. 1 (reflectively): I wonder if your large nose means that you are a person of only one idea? I must look that up. All you do is to think about sleep.

BED No. 2 (morosely): Yes, that's ALL I do—just THINK about it. If you're going to keep on talking, though, I might as well tell you something. Read what it says about prominent eyes.

BED No. 1 (suspiciously): What does it say?

BED No. 2: Those who have them are controlled by



A Super-special

Movie Magnate: In your next production I want you to create an air of great luxury.

Director: All right, I'll have the star pick an orchid to pieces while she says, "He loves me; he loves me not,"



Doctor: Now you see what comes of eating green apples when your mother told you not to.
Boy: I didn't eat 'em cos I liked 'em. I ate 'em to find out why she told me not to.

their emotions, are highly irritable and subject to violent fits of temper.

BED No. 1 (*there is a lull before the storm*): Are you insinuating that I have a violent temper?

BED No. 2: I'm not insinuating anything, dear. I've said from the beginning that the book was just rot. But your eyes are a bit prominent, you know, so you can draw your own conclusions.

BED No. 1 (*lull no longer; the storm had broken*): Oh, OH, OH. How can you! First y-you insult me about my eyes and then say I have a t-temper. You're just a c-cruel b-boor, Benedict. You u-used to th-think my eyes were beauti—Oh, OH—

BED No. 2 (*soothingly*): Of course they're beautiful, sweetheart, and you aren't controlled by your emotions. The book's crazy and I've said so right along. There now, honey—throw it away and go to sleep.

BED No. 1 (*sobbing*): Sleep. SLEEP! D-do you think I could go to sleep after what you said to m-m-me? (*Curtain descends as Benedict prepares for the storm.*)

T. H. L.

When You Are Away

I SHALL find a small green garden,
 Far from the crowd on the broad highway,
 And there I shall wait with my dreams of you
 Forever or a day.

I shall make a little song
 To sing to myself, alone at night,
 But only the wind in the listening roses,
 Will hear the notes aright.

And perhaps the wind from my little garden,
 On puckered lips will whistle my tune,
 And you, far out on the dusty highway,
 Hearing, will come for me soon.

I shall wait in my green-walled garden,
 Making small songs of my ribbons of dreams,
 But only tiny and frightened children
 Can know what my singing means.

M. C. L.



AUGUST 17, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. 2076

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

London Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.
598 Madison Avenue, New York

THESE are not nice dog days, far from it. In proper dog days most of the news ought to come from the beaches and such other frivolous places. We ought not to have to think of much except how to get the most rest for the least money. Our minds should dwell on recuperation. If we could have a little fun it would be seasonable. For the young, of course, courtship ought to be the main occupation.

No doubt these things are all going on. No doubt there are dances in the summer hotels and the proper quantity of spooning by moonlight, but for the adult and the responsible there is altogether too much hard thinking and not enough knowledge to base it on.

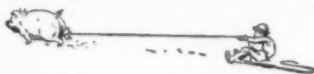
There is this matter of coal. It may be ever so hot, and there have been hot days this month of August, but it does not cool you any to think you are not going to have any coal next winter. If you are a philosopher, you don't mind about next winter, and the ordinary mind does not think three months ahead, anyway. But people who expect to be blamed next winter for the coal shortage, because it is up to them to prevent it, are obliged to think of coal even in sultry weather.



WELL, perhaps there will be some. As far as they have got at this writing is to provide for putting us all on a coal ration. Possibly somebody knows the facts about coal, but if so, he must have studied them a good while. There seem to be a good many different

sets of facts applicable to different coal regions.

We don't know the facts about the coal strike and we have to leave a good deal to the operators, the labor chiefs and the President. The facts, however, work without our knowing them. That is an age-long habit that facts have. Europe is coming apparently to her senses because the underlying facts have kept working while the politicians squabbled and the economists disagreed. You cannot beat facts. They stay on the job and make themselves known by results. The facts of the coal situation seem likely to make themselves known by their results next winter. That is the usual way, but if you can see facts a little ahead of time and allow for them, it often saves a great deal of trouble. Letting them work out is what we should avoid as much as possible. Indeed, you might say that the main job of statesmen is to see facts ahead of their coming and sidetrack them. The main office of newspapers is to put facts before the public. They do it considerably. The trouble with them is that so large a proportion of their facts are not so, and that to-morrow's facts will conflict with to-day's. Still the newspapers help us; they are our main help. They have printed so many facts about the Tariff Bill that it begins to look as if Congress would not dare to pass it, and the same about the Bonus Bill. Getting the facts in advance about those measures has been very helpful to public welfare.



BUT what now are the facts about the minimum wage? Do you suppose anybody knows what it is? It figures in all strike disputes. Yet

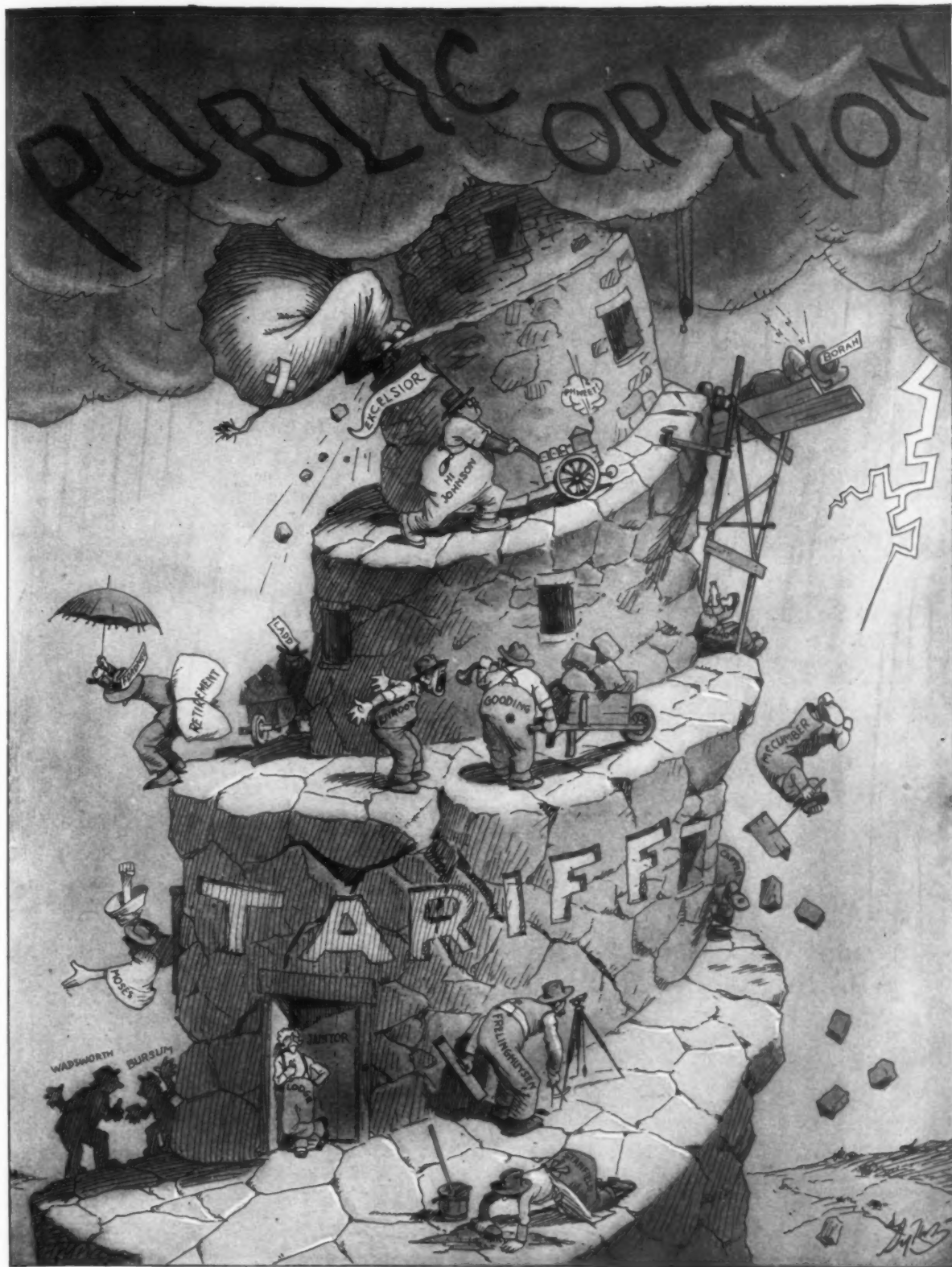
it has been stated in print on credible authority that if all the 25,000,000 families in the country got the minimum wage (\$2,133.00 apiece), it would cost \$13,225,000,000 more every year to pay it than the entire income of the country amounts to. That may not be true but it sounds reasonable.

What do you suppose is the truth about Dr. Sawyer? We know he looks funny in a uniform, but is he right about the hospitals for the disabled veterans and is it true, as he says, that there are enough now if they are properly used? Nobody wants to do any cheese-paring at the cost of the veterans, but hospital construction should not much exceed the need for it,



AND what do you suppose is the truth about the Brooklyn Bridge? That will come out whenever a board of competent engineers reports on it, and we will believe what they say. That is easy. And what do you suppose is the truth about Mr. Garvin's Chemical Foundation? We ought not each of us to have to go into that. All the facts should be thrashed out in court, and no doubt they will. The fact about which there is easiest agreement now is that Mr. Garvin's motives were honest, and that the Foundation was originally devised to protect the United States, and not for the profit of the Founders. Whether it was well advised, and by suitable persons, and with due regard for the rights of all interested persons who had rights, and how far it still adheres to the altruism it began in, are matters for inquiry.

E. S. M.



Babel







An Evening with Terpsichore

FOR those who like their dancing straight and who are satisfied to spend an evening in the contemplation of graceful lines and rhythmic glidings, Michio Itow's "Pin Wheel Revue" at the Little Theatre should be a delight. It is made up almost entirely of extremely modern dance numbers, some of which are reduced to terms of such simplicity and economy of effort as to be rather dull, and others of which are unusually fine.



"THE Pin Wheel Revue" was tried out earlier in the summer with Raymond Hitchcock aboard ostensibly to lighten the artistic tone of the affair, in the fear that Broadway could not stand a straight dose of art without an occasional chaser of comedy. Instead of having the desired effect, the Hitchcock influence so dampened the aesthetic enjoyment of the occasion that the "Pin Wheel Revue" gave a few whirls and went out with a moist "plop." In its new form, it is frankly without comedy (except for those simple souls who die with merriment

when a pantomimist rubs his abdomen and opens his eyes very wide) and is much more as it should be.



IT is true there are one or two song numbers in which a young lady injects a touch of Broadway by singing a lyric the burden of which is: "Honey, honey, honey, honey, honey, honey, honey," and another charming one casting doubt on the virtue of Mona Lisa, but these little slips have little or no effect on the general impression created by such unusual dances as the Faun and Nymph, Lilies of the Field, La Repetition (with its striking reproduction of Degas color tones), the extraordinary dancing of Josephine Head and Phyllis Jackson, and the work of Michio Itow himself. These, together with the music, which is a sympathetic selection from Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Kreisler and Paurel, together with some English folk songs (unintelligible to us but doubtless of great charm) sung by Rosalind Fuller, make it a program of sufficient artistic merit to satisfy the most voracious seeker after things "of the better sort."

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco*—Murder mystery of several years' standing.

The Cat and the Canary. *National*—Terrifying experiences in a spooky house.

From Morn Till Midnight. *Frassee*—Extremely modern rendition of the old story that money isn't everything.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Garrick*—The sad story of a clown, written and acted with considerable artistry.

The Monster. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Couldn't be much worse.

Captain Applejack. *Cort*—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in highly amusing burlesque, involving pirates and other crooks.

The Dover Road. *Bijou*—Very nice English comedy, with Charles Cherry in the lead.

The Goldfish. *Shubert*—Marjorie Rambeau

helping along an otherwise uneven collection of laughs.

Kempy. *Belmont*—Comedy of small-town home-life which deserves its success.

Kiki. *Belasco*—Incidents in the busy life of a Parisian *cocotte*, with excellent acting by Lenore Ulric.

Lights Out. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

Manhattan. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed later.

Partners Again. *Selwyn*—Welcome return of Potash and Perlmutter.

Shore Leave. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

Six Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*—Hilarious tragedy of suburban life with Ernest Truex and June Walker.

Whispering Wires. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*—Return of last season's successful comic opera with as good music as you are likely to hear.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof*—Russian vaudeville.

Ginger Box Revue. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe*—Good all-around musical comedy.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Irving Berlin's proof that it can be successfully done.

Pin Wheel Revue. *Little*—Reviewed in this issue.

Plantation Revue. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Negro entertainers in an excellent array of elemental numbers.

Spice of 1922. *Winter Garden*—Just about what you would expect from a Winter Garden show.

Strut Miss Lizzie. *Earl Carroll*—Negro revue with Broadway fixings.

Tangerine. *Casino*—Limited engagement of Julia Sanderson in last season's hit.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers helps make it worth the money, but has an uphill fight.

The Trouble With Mexican Bandits Is That They Don't Seize the Right People

WHY do Mexican bandits always seize and hold for ransom the people the country can least afford to lose? It's very mystifying and very exasperating. Writers of popular sex-novels, tenors, vaudeville ventriloquists, efficiency experts, poets, idle rich, jazz music composers, race-track gamblers and members of Congress are frequent visitors to the country. They pass right under the bandits' noses without even being detained!

What is the explanation? Do the Mexican outlaws know that their correspondence would result as follows:

Juarez.

Dear United States, Esq.:

Have seized Prentice Piffle, author of bedroom farces and slamming-door comedies. Am holding him for ransom.

Manuel Pigollarez.

Dear Manuel:

Thanks for your delightful message. We thank you deeply. Would you be interested in a proposition to seize and hold two or three hundred others of the same type?

Very truly yours,

U. S. A.

* * *

Acquade.

Esteemed Uncle Samuel:

I have this day captured Laura Lassitude, author of Arabian desert love stories. Send \$150 or harm will befall her.

Ricardo Obegone.

My dear Ricardo:

Good work! The American people are overjoyed. You have their most sincere gratitude. See that all possible harm befalls her. Will keep you in touch with other writers soon to visit Mexico.

Regards to the wife and kiddies,

Sam.

* * *

Tampico.

Mr. U. Sam,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

My men have seized three American congressmen. They are imprisoned in a wet cellar. No mercy will be shown them unless you send us \$3000 at once.

Francisco Villarazeo.

Dear Franc:

Are you sure the cellar is good and wet? Also what would be your charge to handle congressmen in case-lots? Wire at once. Shall expect your guarantee of no mercy to be rigidly kept.

Love and kisses,

U. States.

* * *

Chihuahua.

Honorable Uncle Sam:

Am holding for ransom an American citizen. He refuses to give name, but believe he is Man Who Never Takes a Drink of Whisky These Days Without Saying "Before Prohibition I Never Touched Hard

Stuff." Unless you rush us \$250 we will execute him.

Felipe Gonzales.

* * *

Dear Felipe:

Will make it \$500 if you carry out threat as promised. Will you wire us without delay your terms for handling citizens of this type in cargo lots of 5000?

With the deepest appreciation,

Uncle Samuel.

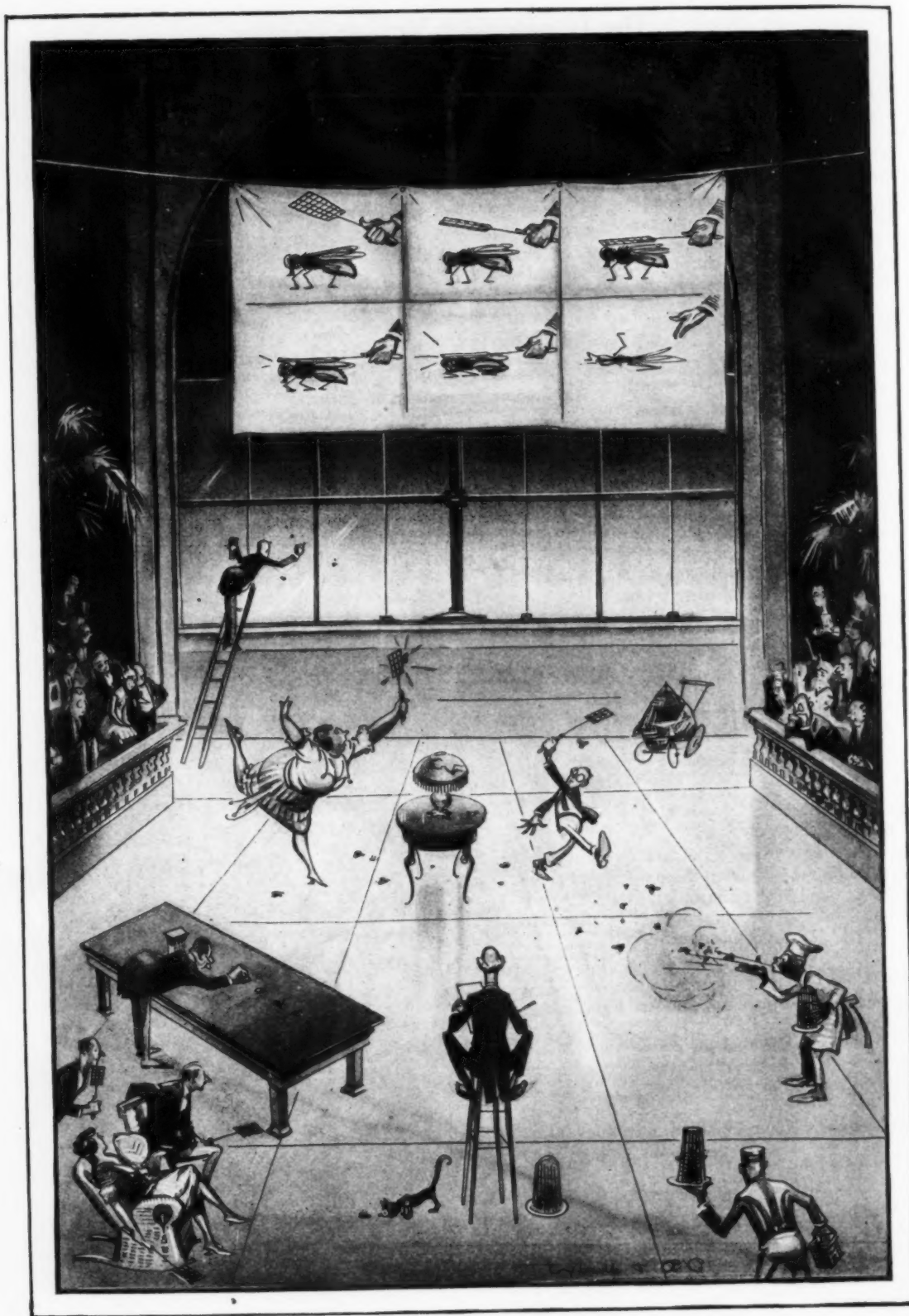
Love's Labor Won

HOW does the busy gossip improve each shining minute? She finds the newest little yarn And then begins to spin it.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 41. Mr. Harrison has a quiet frolic down by the White Rock Pool.



Mr. and Mrs. Bang Win the Championship in the
Annual Fly-Swatting Contest

With the Chamois at Chamonix

MOUNTAIN climbing has always had a subtle fascination for me. I have looked at all the Sunday supplement photographs of the Mt. Everest expedition, even reading aloud the captions to the Little Woman, and once I walked up from the 181st Street subway station in New York, to the street level. Heredity may also account for this orological yearning on my part; our family crest ("*Le ciel est chez moi*"), literally translated, is "The sky's the limit," and I for one have always tried to live up to it.

So last summer I decided to do some mountain mounting on my own account, it being at that time large enough to cover all expenses, and in about thirty days longer than it takes to tell it, I found myself at a Swiss village where gullies, glaciers and guides were to be had in abundance.

The sun and I rose simultaneously the next, or fatal, morning, and as I had already packed my *valise*, (suitcase), I checked it and took a

fiacre (taxi), to the mountain's base. I might state here that I do not remember that mountain's name; I may have known it at the time—probably did—but I don't know it now, nor do I care if I never hear it again. The less that mountain and I have to do with each other in the future, the better for all concerned.

I was one of the merry party of four, tied up in a long rope from left to right, from the guide back to me and return, the idea being that if one of us should make a *faux pas* down a ravine, he or she would pull the others after him or her, and the coasting could thus be enjoyed by all. I pointed out that perhaps it would be better if I were allowed to roam free from all entangling alliances, so that in case of accident I could run for help. It seemed, however, that in case of accident, help would be unnecessary.

I wish now that I had not gone on that trip at all, the way it turned out, for halfway to where we were

going, the rope broke. I yelled, "Look out!" and started for the nearest exit, avoiding any suggestion of a panic. I cannot vouch for what the others said, as I was too far down the exit, and I never saw them again. My angular acceleration, momentum and torque increased rapidly per second, until I arrived in the mountain's subcellar or bargain basement, breaking all records for entry thereto. And I will add, the records were not the only things broken. I still lie there, and how long my lifeless form will remain is a question. No one ever passes that way. But if by chance my remains are discovered, I desire the following epitaph: *Requiescat in pieces*.

A. C. M. A.

Complete

HOWARD: Would you visit a family with skeletons in their closet?

JAY: Yes, if they also had spirits in their cellar.



Mrs. Knagg (who really wanted to go to the mountains): No, Arthur; I am going in. I have had just about as much of your ocean as I can swallow.



Horoscope for This Week

THIS week is successful for *Hokum*. According to every astrologer who ever wore a conical hat, all the signs of the zodiac are hovering close to the earth this week and are in favor of hokum rule, which means that the bunk of every fairly busy brain ought to go over big. Thus it is a great week for go-getters, fighting salesmen, 100% Americans, he-men with a big, virile message, professional reformers, and immigrant boys who have worked themselves up from gas-fitters to a full-page picture in the *American Magazine*. A slightly shimmying

motion of Venus and Mercury has the effect of doubling Barnum's law of one sucker per minute, so that the astrological map is just right for selling patent medicines, memory systems, beauty cultures, will power developers, character builders, monkey glands, theosophy, and artificial vermouth. If you are in any of these businesses, however, the heavenly bodies warn you to avoid legal complications, particularly those associated with larceny, the food and drugs act, and the statute of frauds.

Children born to-day are in danger of becoming Democrats.



"I want two books."
"What kind of books, please?"
"Oh, just a couple of books for a woman of about thirty-seven."

The Talkems

THE Talkem family is sure
In every climate to endure.

There's Talkymuch, the Eskimo;
Though icebergs come and icebergs
go
His talk is ever on the flow!

And there is Talky Hottentot;
No matter how the sun is hot
He jabbars pagan polyglot!

Young Ah Wee Talk, the Chinese
boy,
Finds conversation such a joy
His neighbors stop their ears with
soy!

O'Grady Talk is no abstainer;
He calls himself a bold Sinn Feiner,
Would he less fluent were—and
saner!

The noted Ancient Mariner
A Talkem was, beyond compare;
A *specimen extraordinaire*.

Wherever a true Talkem goes,
Whatever be his joys or woes,
He tells you, hourly, all he knows.

By dint of words' agglomeration
The Talkems, of whatever nation,
Excite a monstrous irritation.

The *Moral*—weighty, though a wee
one:

Avoid a Talkem when you see one,
First being cautious not to be one.
C. S. P. W.

How to Take a Bath

(Any Boy's Idea)

PUT it off as long as possible.
Set about it under protest.

Toy with the faucets until the tub
is ready to overflow.

Whine out a complaint of the
temperature of the water.

Stall for an extra towel.

Feel of the water again.

Shiver.

Fidget on one foot.

Stroke the surface of the water
with the toes of one foot.

Jump back writhing in utter horror.
Shake the dirt off the shoes into
the tub.

Make a splashing and swishing
noise with the bath-brush.

Sprinkle the hair, face and neck.

Dress leisurely.

Come out for inspection.

E. J. K.

Paradox Lost

"MY dear boy," he said, as he turned on his heel, "you belong to that division of the world that wears rubbers."

He strode grandly down the avenue of laughter.

"Yeah! I do, eh!" I choked. "You—you mean, you do!"

* * *

When I thought it over the next morning, while I was brushing my teeth before the glass, it impressed me somehow that I hadn't done as well as I might have. In fact, the more I considered it, the more I was convinced that my reply was a little silly. It was ineffectual, like warm salad. I decided to forget it.

Now, it would have been better, I pondered, as I squeezed the strip of paste onto my brush, it would have been better perhaps if I had actively resented it; even struck him.

I might have done that, I thought. I might have; and yet I should have liked to meet him with his own weapons. An epigram, perhaps; I put some more paste on my brush, the other strip having in some way got rubbed all over my shoe.

"Division—wears—rub's—ab," I muttered, scrubbing my teeth savagely. "I'd rather do that, my dear boy," I said with all the sarcasm I

could muster, setting down my brush on the edge of the tumbler and glaring at myself in the glass, "I'd rather wear rubbers than not know enough to come in when it rains." It was very impressive; my eyes were like narrow slits.

Of course that was descending to his own level, I pondered as I covered my face with lather. It seemed childish to answer him back. I could see the group of men and women around him now. I continued oblivious of him, stropping my razor. "You belong to that division of the world that wears rubbers," he leered.

I lazily completed a magnificent swath down the side of my cheek, and turned slowly. I glanced him up and down. "In—deed!" I said, bowing low and getting lather on my shoulder. "In—deed!"

I could see them leading him away.

* * *

"John," said my wife, who is always worrying about little things, "you're going to be late for breakfast, taking so long shaving."

"My dear child," I said, shaking my head. "You know, you belong to that division of the world that wears rubbers."

C. H. F.

The Young Intellectual to His Love

OH, come with me, and we will try
The Great Experiment, you
and I,

And each fulfill our several missions
Free from the usual inhibitions.

Oh, come with me and be my mate,
And we forthwith will emigrate
To countries which, I am advised,
Are more completely civilized.

You may express, for all of me,
Your Individuality;
Your freedom I will not restrain,
Nor take your Maiden Name in vain.

And since our plane lies far above
The crass vulgarities of Love,
Our union surely will be blessed
With Thoughts, impeccably expressed.

S. K.

Suspicious

DRY AGENT: I'll bet my pile
that Deacon Jones has a stock of
home brew in his cellar.

"Deacon Jones? Impossible!"

"Well, then, tell me why the flies
are buzzin' out of his cellar windows
backward and in circles."



Really, these "once overs" by distinguished foreign visitors are making us self-conscious

As We See Others

A Chromatic Catastrophe Resulting from the Conflict Between Advanced Art and the Puritan Mind

THE drama occurs in Provincetown, Mass., where the Hairy Apes come from. This village is also a sanctuary where the Devotees of the Kaleidoscope Modern School congregate in the summer.

In the foreground is a Post-Impression house in purest Neo-Primordial style, betraying now and then a slight influence of the Early Kindergarten. The architect has audaciously overcome the conventional prejudice in favor of the vertical as usually applied to buildings. He has evidently been intrigued by the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

With its soft coloring of Michelangelo magenta, Matisse yellow, and here and there a joyous relapse into Maxfield Parrish blue, the Edifice blends sweetly into the mellow dusk. It is hardly as obtrusive as a billboard would be in Central Park.

The house is the home of Our Hero, an exceedingly Advanced Artist, and is an exact replica of a structure in his most famous masterpiece. The patron of the Arts who bought this triumph is thoroughly convinced that its poster reproduction has increased the sale of his 57 varieties.

Within all is blithe and gay. The walls are decorated with marvelous pictures of circular ships, octagonal sheep, and petrified waves, each bearing, on a neat card, the legend, "Nearly Sold." Through a tetrahedral window, mauve rain can be seen falling on a crimson roof. Our Hero is watching it. He is wondering what color will look most unlike rain. He has a noble brow: it is evident the window was modelled from his head.

The hue of the beach below is a disappointed green. Scarlet waves are breaking upon it. Our Hero envies the waves: he is quite broke. Ever and anon he carelessly seizes a handful of the virulent shadows cast by the French gray fire, in the cerise fireplace, and deftly inserts them into the picture he is painting.

Before the fire drowns a dog, done in pastel shades of swooning purple, but as he is purely an imaginary dog he doesn't mind.

A Pilgrim Father bursts into the room; for a moment he reels, dazed, then he puts on smoked glasses and stares wildly about.

PILGRIM: Give you good morrow, fair sir, and why have you turned your house into a distracted rainbow?

ARTIST: I have merely applied the Theory and Practice of my work to my daily life. And now—that the ensuing conflict between us may be clearly understood—who are you?

PILGRIM: I am one of the seventy thousand passengers who have just come hither in the Mayflower in order that our descendants—if any—may have something to brag about. In a couple of hundred years they will erect a monument on the beach to show just where we landed.

ARTIST: I fear you are an anachronism—but never mind—I will sketch you to commemorate the event.

(He dallies expertly with a ground tone and a few assorted highlights, then displays the canvas proudly to his visitor. After the Pilgrim has recovered from his swoon he sighs heavily in a tone tinged with orange chrome.)

PILGRIM: I never suspected my nose was ultramarine. And why have you made my feet yellow?

ARTIST: That is the way I see you.

PILGRIM: Consult an oculist.

ARTIST: You don't comprehend Modern Art. I don't try to paint what I see, but instead I express what it makes me feel.

PILGRIM: Never mind the oculist, summon a leech, and when he is done with you send him to me.

(He shudders a rancid heliotrope shudder, then seizes fuel to replenish the fire. Our Hero restrains him.)

ARTIST: Don't burn that, it is Bluffem's famous statue, "A Midnight Snowstorm in Pittsburgh."

PILGRIM: Gadzooks, and I thought it a lump of coal.

(At this point he gets a glimpse of the Artist's dog and flinches.)



"That reminds me! I must call up the country club and get starting time for the golf game Sunday."

PILGRIM: Tell me, good friend, is that a dog or a zebra?

ARTIST: That is a perfect dog, according to Modern Art. The color effect you mention is caused by the sunlight striking his coat.

PILGRIM (*gasping for air*): But there is no sunlight.

ARTIST: There was when I painted him. And now let me offer you refreshment. Here is my wife, coming down the stairway.

(*The Pilgrim looks in the direction indicated and moans piteously as his eye lights on the Vorticist mass.*)

PILGRIM: Tell me—oh, tell me, I prithee—which is your wife, and which is the stair?

(*As Our Hero's helpmate grows nearer, the Pilgrim begins to weaken perceptibly; to his uneducated eye the lady resembles a number of triangles which have been breaking the 18th Amendment. He staggers and a lavender pallor envelopes him.*)

THE ARTIST: Again you do not understand—but it is quite simple. You have doubtless heard of the famous Cubist Triumph, "Nude Descending the Staircase." Well, my wife clings to the Cubist tradition and in her daily life observes it exactly. She has a Cubist breakfast for you. I am sure you will like her charlotte russe garnished with mackerel, and her hors d'œuvre of fish glue and poison ivy has never been equalled.

THE PILGRIM (*writhing in agony*): Something horrible is happening to me. Ah, I know, I have gone color blind. In my vest pocket you will find my will. My life insurance policy is in escrow. Tell my good wife to go back, on the first boat, ere she becomes an isosceles triangle. Let my friends know I resisted until astigmatism overpowered me.

CURTAIN. M. S.

To a Débutante

(*By an Exhausted Admirer*)

I STOOD for the bridge at midnight

When the clock was striking the hour;

I stood for the bootleg rickies

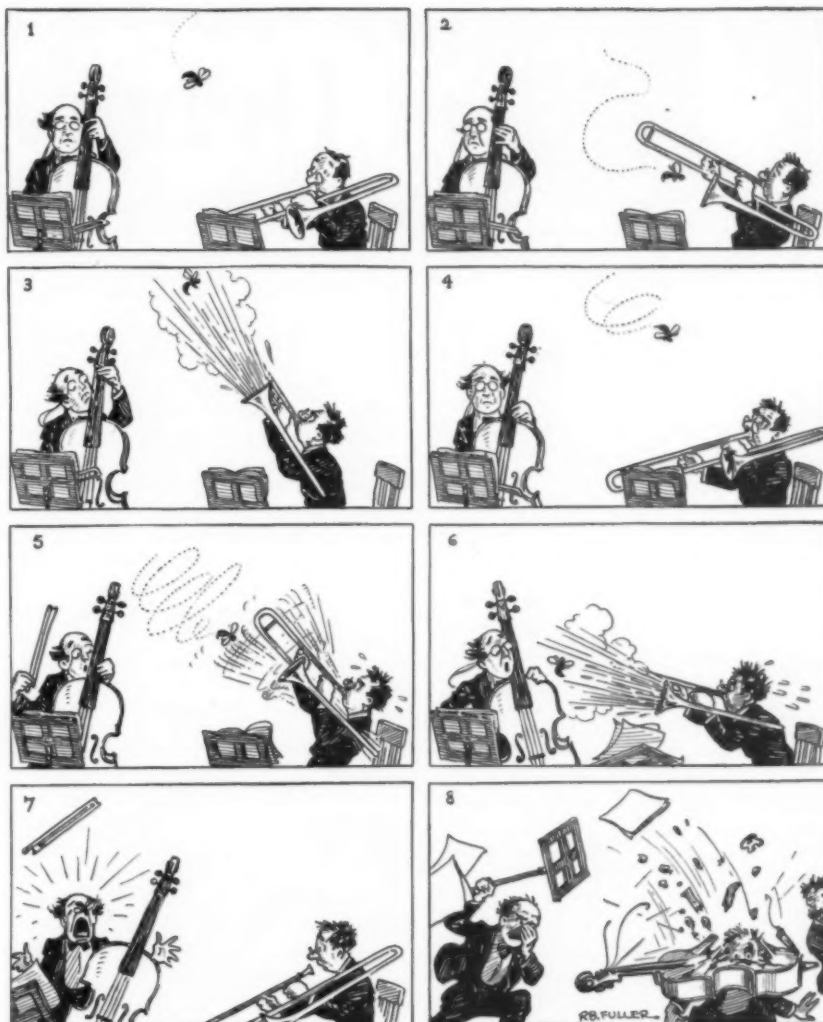
Of 48 white-mule power;

I stood for the jazz in the mornings,

The nights and the afternoons,

But Nature *won't* stand for it, dearie,

And so I am off to Muldoon's.



The Tale of a Hornet
An orchestral tragedy

Nightmare of a Beach Fiend

I HAVE a friend who got into his bathing suit at six A. M. and didn't leave the beach until sundown.

A fiend in human form came along with a cauldron of scalding water, which he poured over my friend; then he rolled him in the sand until every smarting particle of skin was blistering with the pain. That double-sized elephant then walked off the veranda of the hotel and stepped on his face, and the coast guard who rescued him jabbed a big spike into his back and hauled him over the sharp-edged beach shells to the breeches buoy, into which he threw him, starting him off for France.

A mischievous aeronaut spied him, however, and taking his sun glass,

directed its rays on the rope of the breeches buoy, burning it in twain in a few seconds. My friend fell into the sea and discovered it was the Gulf Stream. A fisherman hauled him out, and after skinning him with his scaling fork, threw the remains on the sand to dry.

The doctor says my friend is conscious again but won't be able to swim for at least a month.

L. A. M.

GADSBY (*known as a grouch*): Try this whisky, old fellow. It's the kind I give my family.

SHELLTON: Haven't you got any you take yourself?

The Silent Drama

"Hurricane's Gal"

THOSE who have a taste for sheer melodrama (and, unless statistics lie, I am now addressing about ninety-eight per cent. of the fan population) will find it in its most primitive form in "Hurricane's Gal."

This stalwart film was produced by Allen Holubar, who sponsored "Man-Woman-Marriage," and is offered, I imagine, as a sort of emotional outlet. After reading the criticisms of "Man-Woman-Marriage," Mr. Holubar summoned all the vehement fury of the elements, all the diabolical ingenuity of the human brain, and concentrated them into six sizzling reels. If anything in the way of storm and strife has been omitted from "Hurricane's Gal," it is owing to a pardonable oversight on Mr. Holubar's part; and this department, for one, is unable to correct him.

Dorothy Phillips is the heroine, and Wallace Beery the villain of the story, and they are a fiery pair of performers. I have heard that Miss Phillips contracted pneumonia during the course of production—which is easily understandable, for she is compelled to stand on the deck of a ship for hours and is sprayed with enough water to irrigate the Sahara desert.

"The Kick-Back"

HARRY CAREY is one of that group of cowboy stars which includes such legitimate celebrities as William S. Hart and Tom Mix; but he is far below the best. "The Kick-Back," his latest effort, is highly uninteresting, and there isn't a single original situation in its entire length.

There is a popular misconception to the effect that so-called highbrow critics are prejudiced against red-blooded Western pictures as a matter of principle. All critics are necessarily puny, shrivelled, anemic old crabs who have never stepped outside the city limits, and therefore know nothing of the ways of clean, two-fisted he-men. As a matter of fact, some of my best friends are he-

men, and moreover, I once rode in the stage-coach that used to whirl around the sawdust track in Buffalo Bill's Show; so that I have at least as good a working knowledge of the Great West as most of the movie cowboys. I have no more prejudice against pictures of this type than I have against Cecil B. De Mille's dramas of life in Fifth Avenue mansions, with the proverbial eucalyptus trees in the back yard. I would walk a mile to see a Bill Hart picture—two miles to see Tom Mix.

But I am tired to death of Western melodramas with stories written on a mimeograph machine, and with stars whose sole claim to dramatic fame is their Swobodian muscular development.

"The Mysteries of India"

GERMAN actor named Conrad Veidt flashed vividly across the screen in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and then was not heard from in any of the subsequent Teutonic importations. He now appears again in "The Mysteries of India," and everyone who remembers his startling performance as *Cesare*, the chillingly inspiring somnambulist, will do well to see this picture, bad as it is, and confirm the impression that he is a truly marvellous actor.

Aside from Veidt, and another named Bernhard Goetze, there is little to recommend in "The Mysteries of India." It has a few good scenes, and in its earlier episodes it strikes an effective supernatural note, but the story is too absurd to be swallowed. The picture was produced by Joe May, who will be remembered (unfortunately) for his "Mistress of the World," and Mia May is the star. To say that Frau May has put on weight since she appeared as "Mistress of the World" is like gilding the lily, but so it looks to the inquisitive eye.

The general tenor of "The Mysteries of India" may be indicated by the following snatch of conversation which is lifted from the sub-titles.

Says the evil Prince Ayan: "I

will make you High Priestess of the Temple"—(time out for Prince to register suggestive leer)—"in which I am The Living God."

The Girl (placing hand to throat): "No—not that!"

"Borderland"

THE principal figure in "Borderland" is the spirit of a lady, who had once forsaken her home and her child to roam the seas with a romantic adventurer, and who had consequently been condemned to wander aimlessly through that strange limbo which is neither heaven nor hell.

This, as may be perceived, is a theme which presents considerable difficulties, but it has been handled by the director, Paul Powell, with unexpected skill. He has made the spiritualistic elements credible, and has introduced the more material episodes with considerable grace, so that the two themes melt together and form a coherent whole. In fact, Mr. Powell has done everything with "Borderland" except make it interesting; and that is an almost impossible feat, in view of the thinness of the story.

The picture is well acted by Agnes Ayres and others, and it is decidedly pleasing to the optic nerve—but all these redeeming qualities are insufficient to overcome the deadly blight of dullness.

Found

A GREAT many people have been wondering what has happened to the man who used to conceive the names for apartment houses and Pullman cars, and I am happy to give information concerning his whereabouts.

It seems that the talented fellow is now working for the movie fan magazines, thinking up new ideas for contests.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)

The Makers of U.S. Royal Cords Beg to State —

NOT quite seven years ago the U. S. Royal Cord Tire was announced to the public.

People who saw it remarked on the beauty of the tread design, which is protected by U. S. Letters Patent.

The same design that since then has proved itself the most scientific tread pattern ever put on a pneumatic tire.

To identify this superlative tire under all conditions — whether running or stationary — Royal Cord makers adopted as a trade mark a circumferential white stripe placed on each sidewall.

Today, Royal Cord beauty and identity is so known and distinguished that even a newsboy can spot one whisking around the corner.

And car-owners everywhere look upon a Royal Cord as the measure of all automobile tire values.

According to some tire dealers and manufacturers the public has been having one of its "price spells" and demands cheap tires.

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

This is contrary to the facts.

Otherwise Royal Cords wouldn't keep gaining and gaining and gaining in sales to quality people.

And—you wouldn't see Royal Cords on so many cars of every make in the country.

Nor—if Americans were on record for cheaply made and cheaply priced tires—would they award the leadership of the tire business to the Royal Cord Tire.



United States Tires

United States Tires
are Good Tires

Copyright
1922
U. S. Tire Co.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches



Hindsight

IRATE MOTHER (to infatuated daughter): Forget your young man, my child. . . . An idiotic marriage! You've been as if struck by lightning, you say? Bah! So was I, long ago, for your father. And how many times since have I wished I'd had a lightning rod that day!—*L'Illustration (Paris)*.

The Crafty Realtor

"You remember that lot you sold me? You remember you said it was within sight of the car line?"

"Yes."

"Well, do I have to furnish my own binoculars?"—*Nashville Tennessean*.

The Voice of Authority

SHE (adoringly): It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything.

HE (a graduate): It is.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"I PLAY golf for the exercise only."
"As badly as that?"

—*New York Sun*.



"SCRIPTSIT"

"What is this I have found? Do you actually buy such frivolous books?"

"No, mamma, I only wrote it."

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

Second Thoughts

When I am walking round my flowers
And see their happy faces,
I long to share their quiet hours
By sometimes changing places.

It must be jolly, don't you think,
To sit there in a border,
With someone else to bring you drink
And keep your home in order?

And yet I could not bear to see
A rose go to the City,
And so they shall not change with me,
Although it seems a pity.

—*Punch*.

Why Travel?

"You've been to Bangkok?"

"Yes."

"It must be a quaint city. What did you see there?"

"Well, there was a pretty good Chaplin film at one of the movie houses."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Touring the Highlands

"Who's the kiddie in kilts?"

"A boy Scot."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

A MINNESOTA couple married by radio now want a divorce. Old Man Static again.—*Dallas News*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



Don't neglect such hurts!

Was it bruised? Was the skin broken? Here was need for a liniment or for an antiseptic. But which?

Absorbine, Jr. combines the beneficial properties of liniment, antiseptic and germicide. All in one container for greater convenience in such emergencies.

Neglect of the hundred little hurts that occur unexpectedly often means infection, unnecessary pain or slow recovery.

Thousands are never without Absorbine, Jr. in their homes. It is safe; of a clean, pleasant odor and without the usual liniment stain. It is powerfully concentrated. Only a few drops are required in all ordinary applications.

At your druggist's, \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
162 Temple St.,
Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Another Burlesque Number !!

It's on the way !!

Last week we hinted as much.

Now we can come out flat-footed and issue a positive statement:

The date of issue will be September 7th.

There will be no advance in price for those who do their shopping early.

(Last year the Burlesque Number sold out within a few days at news-stands all over the country. In two weeks our reserve copies were retailing at \$5 apiece.)

The Second Great Burlesque Number will have something to do with Sunday Newspapers. That's all we can afford to say now.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELL'S FOR INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELL'S Hot water Sure Relief

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



Pearl Handle! Those who are particular about details of appearance in all things truly appreciate Keen Kutter penknives—designs to suit personal preference.



Simmons Hardware Company
KEEN KUTTER

FISHER BODIES

On each finished body built by Fisher—forward of the front door, on the right hand side—is the symbol by which the manufacturer indicates his pride in coachwork of surpassing beauty and durability; his confidence that this pride will be justified in your continued satisfaction.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONT. CLEVELAND



"I Could Buy an Autowline for Half the Cost!"

Sure you can; for \$4.95 you can buy the *original* wire rope towline, and absolutely safeguard against emergencies. Light, compact, dependable, it's tow-home insurance at no more cost than a box of cigars.

One car-owner writes: "I have carried a Basline Autowline in five different cars, and have demonstrated it to many a traveler. It's sure *there* 'when a feller needs a friend'."

But don't accept substitutes—there are many imitators—be sure you get Basline Autowline, made of world-famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope. Can be tucked under a seat cushion.

Snaps on instantly with patented Snaffle Hooks that cannot loosen. Now \$4.95, east of Rockies.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK, also made of Yellow Strand Wire Rope, safeguards car and spare tire. Price \$2.50. POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is a heavier line for towing trucks. \$8.65 with plain hooks; \$10.10 with patented Snaffle Hooks.

Sold by all good Dealers and Jobbers—
Write us for Free Descriptive Circulars

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. ST. LOUIS—NEW YORK

*Manufacturers of Celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope—
for General Construction Work*



BASLINE AUTOWLINE

Signal for Departure

MISTRESS: When you leave I shall want a week's warning.

BRIDGET: It's me custom, ma'am, to announce me departure with three blasts on me auto horn.

—Boston Transcript.



HAUT MONDE

"And does your little mistress let you go hunting?"

"Only for fleas, kind gentleman."
—La Vie Parisienne.

Revived

The conjurer was performing in a room adjoining a gunpowder factory. A sailor and his parrot were enjoying the show. The conjurer changed half a crown into a penny.

"Now that's a fine trick," said the sailor, lighting his pipe. "I wonder what he'll do next?" The sailor then threw away his match.

A minute later there was no sailor, no factory, no room, no village. On a steeple a mile away the parrot, with one feather remaining, said, "Now that's a fine trick. I wonder what he'll do next?"—Tit-Bits.

At the Sea Shore

FATHER: That child of ours is altogether too annoying with his toy boat.

MOTHER: What does he want now?
"He wants to have it fitted out with a wireless."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Comparative Literature

A German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter.

A French novel is a book in which two people get each other right in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more.

An American novel is a book in which two people want each other at the start, get each other, and then want each other clear through to the end.

A Russian novel, however, is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other, and about this 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written.

—Translated for World Fiction from *Jugend* (Munich).

Excluded

Grace is a young lady of five years and also of a very difficult disposition. The other day a visitor to her father's home found her weeping in a corner.

"Why, what are you crying about?" she asked.

"Cause all my brothers and sisters have a vacation and I don't have any."

"And why don't you have any vacation?"

"Cause I don't go to school yet."
—Everybody's.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Silent Partner

Two men who were "something in the City" were lunching at their club one day. "Oh," said one, "my partner formerly used always to oppose my views, but now he agrees with me in everything." "How do you account for it?" asked the other. "Don't know," said the first. "I'm not sure whether I convince him, or only make him tired."

—Tatler (London).

A Dollar Down

MR. SPENDIX: Any instalments due today?

MRS. SPENDIX: No, dear, I think not.

MR. SPENDIX: Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture, the rugs or the books?

MRS. SPENDIX: No.

MR. SPENDIX: Then I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say we buy a new car?—New York Sun.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN

your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
temper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

A Fool There Was. *Fox.*—Revised edition of the famous vamp drama that made Theda Bara famous. Weakened by absence of Miss Bara and presence of censors.

The Man Unconquerable. *Paramount.*—Rival pearl fishers in the South Seas battle back and forth. Jack Holt is the star.

In the Name of the Law. *F. B. O.*—Several interesting situations woven together into a story that is too long for its substance.

Nanook of the North. *Pathé.*—In this remarkable film, the motion picture fulfills its highest office as an educational, dramatic and artistic medium.

Always the Woman. *Goldwyn.*—Box-office stuff, and none too alluring, at that.

The Fast Mail. *Fox.*—A red hot melodrama which provides a constant strain on the nerves, if not on the intelligence.

While Satan Sleeps. *Paramount.*—Jack Holt again—with his usual gentlemanly bearing and his usual two fists.

The Prisoner of Zenda. *Metro.*—Rex Ingram's excellent production of Anthony Hope's romantic novel. As well acted as any picture that has been made in the United States this year.

If You Believe It—It's So. *Paramount.*—The trouble is, you will find it almost impossible to believe it.

Salome. *United Artists.*—Nazimova has made a beautiful picture of Oscar Wilde's play, but has broken all the laws of the box office in doing so.

South of Suva. *Paramount.*—Little Miss Minter goes to an island in the Fijis and is subjected to some rough treatment by the natives and the scenario writer.

For Review Next Week—"Forget Me Not," "Her Gilded Cage," "The Bonded Woman," "Fools First" and "The Country Flapper."

The Perfect Wife

As a cook she is almost as good as a man. As a mother she is perfection; even the neighbors like her children. She keeps her house orderly enough to win admiration from her women friends but not enough to make the men uncomfortable. She can play games with men without making them let her win and without beating them too often. She can talk, sing, play, dance, swim, ride, drive and golf. She is pretty, always in the mode, and affectionate, and she adores her husband. She is the perfect wife.

Perhaps that is why she has had four husbands. *M. H.*

"Is this dirigible absolutely safe?" asked the prospective buyer.

"Safest on earth," grunted the maker, cryptically.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE



For the two of you

A bottle of Clicquot Club is the happiest, friendliest drink. You can fill two glasses from one bottle.

Two glasses of golden liquid alive with sparkling bubbles that leap joyously to the brim! No need to be thirsty to drink Clicquot. To look at it creates the desire that Clicquot satisfies.

Man or woman, boy or girl—they all like it.

Clicquot is purity itself—pure spring water, real Jamaica ginger, sugar, and the necessary fruit juices to make the blend and the taste.

You should try these, too

However much you like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, you may prefer a change occasionally. You may have it. Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer or Root Beer is equally pure and delightful. When you order a case of Clicquot for the home, ask for a few bottles of these flavors.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.





Her God-Speed Gift of Flowers

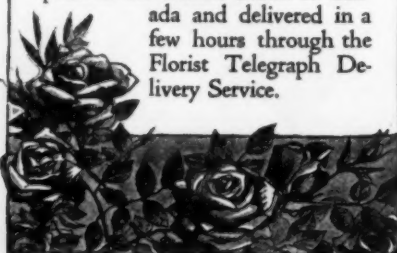
"God-speed" is a word not often used nowadays, but the spirit of its genuine old-time sweetness returns when you "say it with flowers."

How different the journey companioned by the thought that somebody cares. And in life's journey how pleasant the way when garlanded about each stepping-stone of time—our birthdays—are those God-speed remembrances from friends expressed in flowers.

"Say it with Flowers"

Your Florist will be glad to aid in your selections of floral tokens appropriate for every occasion.

Flowers may be telegraphed to any place in the United States or Canada and delivered in a few hours through the Florist Telegraph Delivery Service.



LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-five years. In that time it has expended \$205,652.78 and has given a fortnight in the country to 42,722 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$16,931.57
"Seven Pines," Lake George, N. Y.	25.00
E. M. Matthews, Stamford, Conn.	2.00
In Memory of Peyton Brinkinridge Armstrong	25.00
In Memory of Captain Harold S. Hemingway	10.00
William O. Morse, New York City	10.00
William Osgood Morgan, New York City	25.00
H. M. Bradley, Jr., Derby, Conn.	2.00
Mrs. Robert Huntzinger, New York City	100.00
Julia K. Webster, Salem, Oregon..	10.00
In Memory of Brother Cortlandt..	20.00
In Memory of Lloyd.....	10.00
Katherine B. Glassley, St. Paul, Minn.	10.00
C. E. Hurlbutt, Rockport, Mass.	10.00
E. T. M., New York City.....	10.00
W. W. Bonden, Jr., Saranac Lake, N. Y.	20.00
W. Turl, Duluth, Minn.	5.00
Henry Blake, Quogue, N. Y.	10.00
M. E. B., Bay Head, N. J.	10.00
Mrs. Huren Rock, Santa Barbara, Calif.	10.00
John R. Metcalf, Erie, Pa.	25.00
Carolyn M. Lewis, Wolfeboro, N. H.	5.00
Irving M. Swezey, Port Jefferson, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. E. P. Brown, Newton, Mass.	10.00
C. E. Eveleth, Schenectady, N. Y.	20.00
Helen P. Jannopalo, Webster Grove, Mo.	2.00
Benjamin Graham, Jr., Montclair, N. J.	10.00
M. S. S. W. Hance, Pasadena, Calif.	10.00
Ethel McCullough, Cincinnati.....	5.00
Edmund J. Kiefer, Buffalo, N. Y.	2.00
A Friend, New Bedford, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. D. L. Dunham, St. Augustine, Fla.	10.00
A. Jacobsen, New York City.....	10.00
"C. L. B.," Greens Farm, Conn.	20.00
Mrs. G. W. B., Seattle, Wash.	10.00
Proceeds of an exhibition given by the following members of the B. B. and B. Club of Elizabeth, N. J. —Catherine Scott, John Durrie, Elizabeth Durrie, Eleanor Noyes, Sarah Scott and Colin Campbell..	5.00
Alfred S. Fawcett, Brooklyn, N. Y.	8.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Logan, Los Angeles	5.00
"In Memory of Bob, August 13, 1916"	5.00
From A. A. and others, Detroit, Mich.	6.00
R. A. Reed, West Salem, Wis.	10.00
Proceeds of a Bazaar held at Stamford, Conn., given by Marjorie Marony, Katherine MacCoy, Jean MacCoy, Thomas Reissel and Robert Stevens	85.00
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Downey, Tenaflly, N. J.	25.00
Henry L. Finch, New York City...	10.00
Mrs. Isaac H. Jeanes, Philadelphia	25.00
Edwin Gould, New York City...	100.00
Mrs. T. E. Ward, Elmhurst, N. Y.	10.00
C. E. W. Grinnell, Boston.....	25.00
Mrs. C. Gordon Knox, Morristown, N. J.	10.00
Eleanor D. White, Lakeville, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. W. P. Melcher, Germantown, Penna.	2.00
Mrs. William T. Ritch, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
"Catherine's Birthday Money"	15.00
M. Luska, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. W. F. Stearns, Norfolk, Conn.	10.00
Anonymous, Cincinnati	5.00
Anonymous, New York City.....	15.00
Proceeds of a play held at Gray Gables, given by Mary Parkinson, Mary Taussig, Robert Parkinson, Helen Davis and Cynthia Davis	40.00
Minerva Herb, Philadelphia.....	10.00
J. P. Byrne, New York City.....	5.00

\$17,861.57

HE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS



For
All
Forms
of

Nausea Due to Travel

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Only Guaranteed Relief in the World for These Ailments

Small capsules—keep good indefinitely. Put a package in your traveling bag NOW so you will have them when needed. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products, or their derivatives.

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water—endorsed by highest authorities—and used by the world's most noted travelers—Lord Northcliffe, C. J. Warman, and thousands of others.

Sold by leading druggists in every civilized country. Price in U. S. A. and Canada, 75c a box, enough for 24 hours. \$1.50 a box for ocean voyage.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book sent on request without charge.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan
Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London; Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.



Hard-Boiled Yegg: Your money or your Life!

Kindly Old Lifer: Dear old chap, don't be absurd! My wallet is in my hip pocket, and I suggest that you use a dollar for a trial subscription, as the coupon says in the corner of the page.

Do It Now!

Ten copies of LIFE at a news-stand would cost you \$1.50. Therefore, the innocent-looking coupon across the street is worth 50 cents to you —if you use it, and can you resist using it, knowing that included in this special offer are

The American-Russian Number, Aug. 31

The Sunday Edition (*Burlesque* (Number 11)), Sept. 7

The Theatrical Number - Oct. 5

and seven other unusual numbers?

Kick in! Obey that impulse.



Pin a dollar bill, check or money order (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40) to this coupon and mail it to-day to

LIFE,

598 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Or if you like send \$5.00 for a year Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

"Best in the Long Run"

